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"THE BIOGEN SERIES," No. 5

KUTHUMI

THE TRUE AND COMPLETE ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE

Based on the System of Theosophical Ethics

BY ELLIOTT COUES





THE BIOGEN SERIES, No. 5.



THEOSOPHICAL ETHICS.



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE undersigned will publish from time to time a collection of books entitled THE BIOGEN SERIES, of which "**BIOGEN**: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life," now in its *Fifth* Edition, was No. 1.

No. 2 was "**THE DÆMON OF DARWIN**," now in its Second Edition.

No. 3 was "**A BUDDHIST CATECHISM**," which has also passed to another Edition.

No. 4 was "**CAN MATTER THINK?**" just issued.

The present volume, "**KUTHUMI**," etc., is No. 5 of the Series.

THE BIOGEN SERIES consists of concise Essays on live questions of the day or of historical research in Religion, Science, and Philosophy, prepared by writers of the most eminent ability, and is under the editorial direction of Dr. COUES.

ESTES & LAURIAT.

KUTHUMI:

THE TRUE AND COMPLETE OECONOMY OF
HUMAN LIFE,

BASED ON THE SYSTEM OF

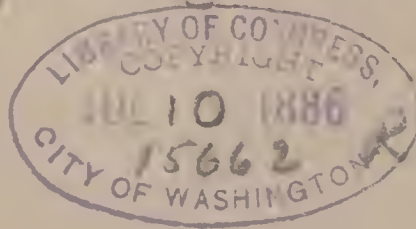
THEOSOPHICAL ETHICS.

A NEW EDITION,

Re-written and Prefaced

BY ELLIOTT COUES.

[Hodgley, Robert]



BOSTON.

ESTES AND LAURIAT.

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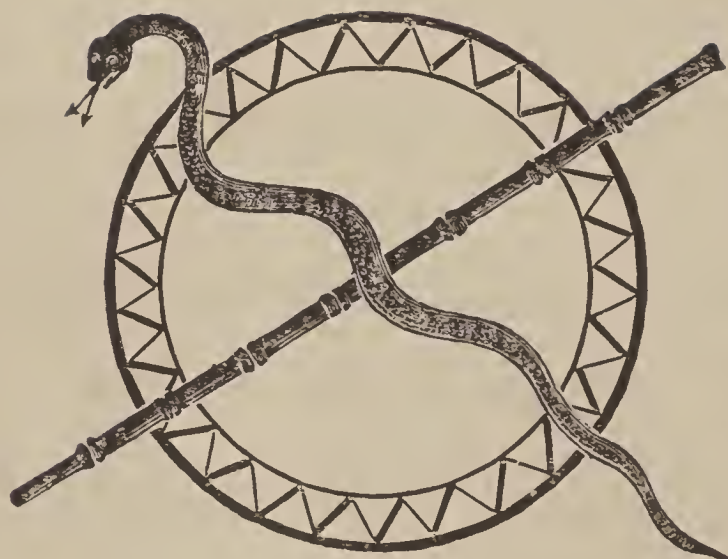
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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



TO
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
UNITING
ASIA, AUSTRALIA, AMERICA, EUROPE,
In Bonds of Universal Brotherhood,
COME THESE RAYS OF THE WISDOM-RELIGION,
FROM THE ANCIENT OF DAYS,
THROUGH K. H.







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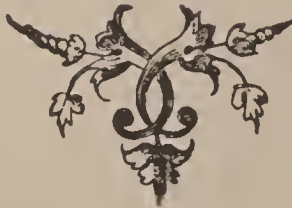
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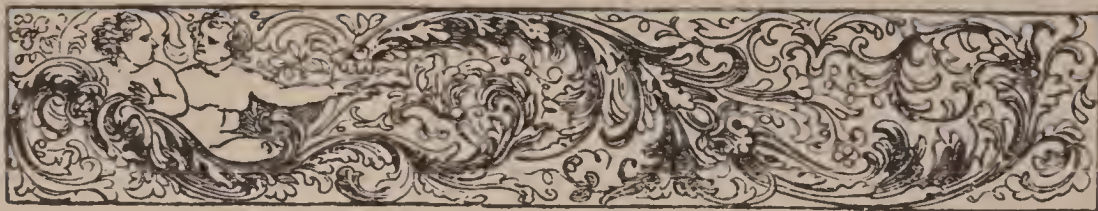
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FOREWORD.

THAT which hath been ascertained or conjectured in respect of the system of Theosophical Morality intituled "The True and Compleat Œconomy of Human Life," availeth not to discover the author thereof. The endeavor of Psychical Researchers to determine the locality and identify the person of Kuthumi hath not been more futile. For as bloweth the wind where it listeth, so rovethe the Spirit, and taketh many forms, though it is always one.

Rumor hath found her tongue to declare, that in the great country of Thibet, called also by some Barantola, which adjoineth China on the side of the setting sun, and in a province of the same named Lasa, there resideth the Dalai-Lama, or great High Priest of those idolatrous heathen, as they are called, whom the Providence of God hath presumably condemned to their own iniquities. For by these impious persons, it is said, is the

Grand Lama revered and adored as a superior being, even after the manner in which those of our true religion worship the divine personality of the Saviour. The high public opinion held in respect of his sacred character induceth prodigious numbers of pagans, as they are called, to resort to Lasa to do homage to the Grand Lama and to receive his blessing. His august person resideth in a most magnificent pagoda (which, it is said, signifieth an idolatrous temple), builded on the top of Mount Poutala. The country round about swarmeth with an almost incredible multitude of lamas, various in rank and order, some of whom have also their grand lamaseries, in which they receive an inferior kind of homage. These heathen are said to subsist entirely upon the rich gifts which they receive from the uttermost extent of Tartary, from the Empire of the Great Mogul, and from wellnigh all the Indies.

When the Grand Lama receiveth homage of the people, it is said, he sitteth cross-legged on a magnificent daïs ; his worshippers abase themselves before him : but he maketh never a sign, nor speaketh he even to the most mighty princes. Onely he layeth his hands upon their heads, and blesseth them in his heart ; whereat they are persuaded that their sins he remitteth. These poor people he likewise deludeth to believe that he knoweth even their secret thoughts ; and he hath his particular disciples, to the number of several hundred, who give out that

he dieth not, but whenever he appeareth to depart this life, he onely changeth his fleshly investiture and animateth a new body.

Now it hath long been opined by the learned in China that for ages untold have very ancient books been concealed in the archives of this Grand Lamasery. But it hath been fewer years since one who was Emperor of China, a personage curious in search of the writings of antiquity, did become so fully persuaded of the credibility of this opinion that he determined to assay whether or no discovery of such antiquarian treasure could be made. To this end (which reflecteth lustre upon his Majesty's ingenuity) his solicitude was firstly to find among his devoted subjects a person eminently learned in ancient languages and expert in deciphering the mysterious characters of antiquity. He at length pitched upon one of the Han-lins (these being doctors of the first rank), whose name was Cao-tsou, whose years were many, whose mien was grave and noble, whose eloquence was not less than his erudition, and whose friendship with a certain learned Thibetan lama long resident in Peking had made him master of the strange language which the lamas of Thibet are wont to use amongst themselves.

Whereupon the Emperor despatched Cao-tsou upon his journey ; and that his commission might be the more weighty, his Majesty invested him with the title of Calao (which signifieth

prime minister) ; to which dignity was also added a most magnificent equipage and attendance ; item, presents of immense value for the Grand Lama and likewise the principal other lamas ; item, a letter written in his Majesty's own hand, and of which the following is a version, to wit : —

“ To the Great Representative of God, most high, most holy, and most adorable ! We, the Emperor of China, Sovereign of all the sovereigns of the earth, in the person of our most respected prime minister Cao-tsou, with all reverence and humility prostrate ourselves beneath thy sacred feet, and implore for ourself, our friends, and our subjects thy most powerful and gracious benediction.

“ Having a vehement desire to search into the records of antiquity, to learn and retrieve the wisdom of the ages that are passed ; and being well informed that in the sacred repositories of thy most ancient and venerable hierarchy there are greatly precious books, which from their high antiquity are become now to the generality even of learned scholars almost wholly unintelligible ; and in order, as far as in our power lieth, to rescue these from oblivion, that they be not lost to us and to the world, — we have thought proper to authorise and employ our most erudite and respected prime minister Cao-tsou in this our present embassy to thy sublime holiness, the purport of which is to desire that he may be permitted to examine and peruse the said writings, we expecting, from his uncommon skill in ancient literature, that he will be able to decipher and interpret all that which may be found written in

any characters, altho' of the highest and most obscure antiquity; and we have commanded him to throw himself at thy feet, with such testimonials of our respect as will, we trust, procure him the favor we humbly implore of thy Holiness."

The legend extracted to this point continueth that when Cao-tsou was come to the sacred territory of the Grand Lama, the magnificence of his retinue and the richness of his presents failed him not of ready admittance. His apartments were appointed in the holy college, and his enquiries were answered by the most learned lamas. He abode there near six months, having the felicity to discover many precious manuscripts of vast antiquity, from which he never failed to make such curious extracts, and to render such probable conjectures in respect of their authorhoods and of the periods of their composition as hath approved him a person of no less discrimination and penetration than most uncommonly extensive learning.

But the most ancient piece of writing which Cao-tsou hath disclosed, and which remaineth witness of his learned and ingenious disposition, is one which not any of the generations of lamas had for ages been able to decipher or interpret. This hath been written in the language and character of the most ancient and venerable Sanyassis, called by the Greeks Gymnosophists (who were the Theosophists of their times in that

territory) ; but by what particular person or at what exact date Cao-tsou hath not pretended to determine.

This piece of writing (which is a system of theosophic morality such as hath been practised to some extent in the œconomy of life through all the ages and in all places) he hath however wholly translated into the Chinese language ; altho', as Cao-tsou himself confesseth modestly, with an utter incapacity to reach, in his native tongue, the strength and sublimity of the original expression of the spirit of morality which breatheth still through this extraordinary testimonial of the Oriental wisdom-religion.

The judgments and opinions of the Bonzees, the learned divines and doctors of the East, are much divided in respect of the authorhood. Those who admire it the most highly are given to ascribe "The Œconomy of Human Life" to Confucius, their own great philosopher ; and such evade the objection, that it hath been written in the language and character of the ancient Gymnosophists, by the averment that it must be a translation of a lost work of Confucius. There are also not wanting others who will have it to be the Institutes of Lao-Kiun, another Chinese philosopher, contemporary with Confucius, and founder of the school of Toa-see ; but these labor under the same difficulty of explaining, how cometh it in the Gymnosophic tongue. Yet others there be that by some particular and peculiar

marks which they affect to find, ascribe this writing to the learned Brahman Dandamis, the same whose famous epistle to Alexander the Great hath been known of European scholars. With these Cao-tsou himself seemeth most agreeable ; at least in so far as that he thinketh it to be the work of some ancient Brahman, he being persuaded fully, from its spirit, that it is no translation. That, nevertheless, which raiseth again doubt, is the plan of it ; this being so strange to the Eastern peoples, that, but for its peculiar Oriental turns of expression, and the impossibility of accounting for the characters in which it hath been firstly written, and the circumstances of its discovery, some might (tho' improbably) conjecture it to be the work of an European.

The foregoing substance of narration remained the whole that any man conjectured or determined in respect of this extraordinary piece of writing down to the middle of the eighteenth century ; when the noise it made in Peking and all over the Empire of China, the eagerness with which Cao-Tsou's translation was perused by all the people, and the encomiums lavished upon it by the wise, determined an English translation to be made by a foreign resident in the Chinese capital ; which version was transmitted to a nobleman in England. But the name neither of the English translator nor of his Lordship hath reached us, tho' the letter which accompanieth the transla-

tion, and which bodieth this Foreword, was published with the work itself at London, in 1770. This document is of date of May the 12, 1749. The nameless writer thereof affirmeth, in the conclusion, that he was the readier to assay his translation in that it cannot be judged of his countrymen, how far he falleth short of the original ; nay, even of the Chinese version. He giveth likewise account of how he was led into the particular style and manner of his translating ; how he had not in the least the intention to do it as he did ; but how the sublime manner of thinking that exalteth the original to uncommon energy of expression, led him up to such sententious style himself ; wherefor, he averreth also, he had a pattern to model himself upon, in the authorized version of the books of Job, of David, and of Solomon.

Onely it resteth in the present hand to write further, to conclude all needed to be known by way of history, that “The Œconomy of Human Life” consisteth, in its edition dated 1770, of two separate pieces of writing ; whereof one is that to which what is said above is specially pertinent, and the other is a companion-piece, translated by the same hand and transmitted to the same person in England, not a month later than the other ; the two being parts of one and the same system of Oriental morality, or Theosophical Ethics ; both being of one antiquity, one in style of composition and shaping

of the characters of their writing, one in size and texture of the manuscripted papyri, one in their respective divisions of the matter treated in several Books and Heads, as is the custom in those parts, and one in the circumstances of their discovery ; both being thus indubitably of one and the same authorhood.

So it seemeth well to the present Editor (howsoever much he erreth in judgment therein) that these two streams from the same exalted source be blended in one harmonious course ; to which end he hath joined and fitted them the one to the other, according to the measure of his ability, effecting those changes in the sequence of Sections which seemed 'meet to such end ; failing not also, in his recension, of diligent care for the bettering of sundry turns in the phrases ; occasion for which the earlier translator hath left in some places. And now, furthermore, the onward course of this stream of Oriental wisdom beareth up the name KUTHUMI.

Forasmuch as a laudable curiosity is abroad in all the Western lands, touching the Wisdom of the East, and the manner of attaining thereunto : so the question hath come into public places, What is Theosophy?

/ He who would seek the principles of Theosophy, to discover its foundations, but goeth afar for that which is near him ; he

shall find it not : neither upon the street, nor in any house that is not his, shall he happen upon it.)

He that looketh to learn the method of Theosophy, and the manner thereof, yet searcheth not his own heart ; he shall never know these things. For that which he hath not in himself, he shall not find in any other place. And that which is in himself, is it not also in every other ?

Nevertheless, the precepts of truth ; the maxims of morality ; the examples of virtue ; the models of piety ; the ethics and œconomy of life : are not these good to be known ? And behold ! are these not here, that thou mayest know them ? And what else is Theosophy ?

But what is Kuthumi ? The name availeth thee nothing. Who knoweth his abiding-place, or the manner of his living, or the form he weareth ? Yet be thou onely assured, that his abode changeth ; for he dieth not, nor hath he ever known death.

Hath he abode in the jungle ; hath he residence in the lamasery ; or walketh he abroad with men ? These things shalt thou discover, when thou knowest thyself. Attend, therefore ; seek not Kuthumi, but to answer well and truly : Who am I, that he seeketh me ? What am I, that he findeth me not ?

One mountain differeth from another in altitude ; but every one lifteth up his head to the sky. Standest thou on Sinai ? Lookest thou upon Calvary ? Turnest thou thine eyes upon

Poutala? Behold ! the same earth is beneath thy feet, the same heavens are above thee still. Thyself makest all the difference there is. The mountain changeth not, nor is there any difference in the whole duty of man.

Who then are heathen? Who are idolaters? Let him answer who worshippeth Self; who knoweth not that all men are brothers, the children of one father.

I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before me: hath this been said unto Israel onely? or India also? and even unto thee? Is there to choose, between him who maketh gods of his evil parts, and him who fashioneth idols of wood and stone? Then know, these idols are harmless; but those gods war with the soul.

The commandments of God, are they written but on tablets of stone? The stone heareth not, nor hath it any understanding. If the heart of man be like unto this, and knoweth not the law, so shall it be broken.

Whose God hath informed thee with truth, and enjoined upon thee virtue? He is the God of him who knoweth the truth and doeth that which is right. If thou art that man, then is his God also thine. If thou art not one with him, who then shall be named heathen? Who shall be called idolatrous?

Cease then to vex thy mind with names of things, and attend to those qualities which thou mayest more profitably discern.

It is not the name of the fountain that concerneth thee chiefly, but the purity of its waters. He who drinketh at the stream and is refreshed, judgeth he not well of its source?

Whoso is not athirst, seeketh not the spring; yet not on that account doth it cease to flow, out of the abundance which Nature hath provided for all alike.

No man searcheth after truth, who loveth it not; nor doth any perceive the error of his ways, who hath not already some truth in himself. And what then is the whole truth which any man may possess, if it be not the agreement of his mind with all things else that there are for him to know?

In what measure a man hath this, in that degree hath he knowledge of the truth, and discriminateth error. Into the right use of this knowledge cometh wisdom, whose part it is to know both good and evil. And with wisdom cometh virtue, who preferreth the right before that which is wrong, and delighteth to do good. And in her ways, are not peace and happiness there? Where else are these? Behold! the rest is emptiness.

But the differences of men are many; and even truth reconcileth not them all. Thou hast but one life allotted thee; live it as seemeth to thee best, and thou shalt fear nothing. Yet be thou well assured of one certain thing: As thou art fitted to receive it, so shall the light be given thee.

F. T. S.



ŒCONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE ;

OR,

THEOSOPHICAL ETHICS.



SECTION I. — KUTHUMI.

BOW down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of the earth ! Be silent, and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine ; wheresoever the wind doth blow ; wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive : there let the precepts of life be made known ; there let the maxims of truth be honored and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is boundless, his wisdom eternal, his goodness endureth forever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their courses rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and doeth his will through all the regions of space.

Order, and grace, and beauty spring from his head.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works ; but human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream ; he seeth as in the dark ; he reasoneth, and he is deceived.

But as the light of heaven is the wisdom of God, who reasoneth not ; for his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne ; and love enlighteneth his countenance forever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory ? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty ? Hath he any equal in wisdom ? Can any in goodness be compared unto him ?

He it is, O man ! who hath created thee ! Thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment ; the powers of thy mind are the gifts of his goodness ; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious ! And he that obeyeth shall establish his soul in peace.

SECTION 2. — GOD AND RELIGION.

THERE is but one God, the Author, Creator, and Ruler of the universe ; there is no God but God, Almighty, Eternal, and Incomprehensible ; blessed be his holy Name !

The sun is not God, but his noblest image in the heavens. He lighteneth the world with his brightness ; his warmth giveth life to the earth. Admire thou then the created image and instrument of God ; but worship thou not the sun.

For to One who is supreme, most wise and beneficent, to God alone, belong adoration, thanksgiving, and praise.

Who hath spread out the heavens with his hand ; who hath traced with his finger the way of the stars.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth, and they roll onward ; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothingness.

Who setteth bounds to the sea, that it passeth not ; who saith to the winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth with his feet, and the nations tremble ; whose face darteth lightning, and the wicked are dismayed.

Oh, reverence the majesty of Omnipotence, and tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed !

The providence of God is over all his works ; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world ; he hath wonderfully varied them in all things ; and every being by nature conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all knowledge ; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view ; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience there is nothing contingent ; with respect to his providence there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways ; his counsels are inscrutable ; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

Pay therefore to his wisdom all honor and veneration ; and bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to his supreme direction.

The Lord is gracious and beneficent ; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is witnessed in all his works ; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyment speaketh his praise ; he clotheth them with beauty ; he supporteth them with food ; he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to heaven, his glory shineth forth ; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness.

The hills and the valleys rejoice and sing ; fields, rivers and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man ! he hath distinguished with peculiar favor ; and exalted thy station above all other creatures.

He hath endued thee with reason, to maintain thy dominion : he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by conversation ; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained to rule thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

Oh, praise thou his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love ; let thy heart overflow with gratitude ; let the language of thy lips speak praise and adoration ; let the actions of thy life show thy love to his laws !

The Lord is just and righteous ; he will judge the earth with equity and truth.

He hath established his laws in goodness and mercy ; shall he not then punish the transgressors thereof ?

Oh, think not, bold man ! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened ; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy wrongdoings !

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart ; he remembereth

them forever, and respecteth not the persons or the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribution, according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid ; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

Oh, fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of thy life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened before thee ! Let prudence admonish thee ; let temperance restrain thy desires ; let justice guide thy hand, benevolence warm thy heart, and gratitude to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of God.

SECTION 3. — STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man ! Humble as thou shouldst be, O child of the dust ! Wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom ? Wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee ? Contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made ; praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou alone erect, but that thou shouldest behold his works? Wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayest admire them? Wherefore to admire, but that thou mayest adore their Creator and thine?

Wherefore is consciousness reposed in thee alone? Whence is derived the conscious mind that cometh alone to thee?

It is not in flesh to think ; it is not in bones to reason. The lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him ; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou seest ; something informeth thy clay, higher than all the objects of thy senses. Behold ! what is this?

Thy body remaineth perfect after this is fled, therefore this is no part of thy body. It is immaterial, therefore it is immortal. It is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? Standeth the crocodile erect, although his backbone is as straight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these ; after them all wert thou created ; superiority and command were given thee over them all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the crown of his creation, the link uniting spirit and matter ! \ Witness divinity in thy humanity ! Behold

a part of God himself in thee ! Remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

Who planted terror in the fangs of the serpent ? Who clothed the neck of the horse with thunder ? Even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and subdue the other to thy purposes.

SECTION 4. — USE OF THE PHYSICAL SENSES.

VAUNT not of thy body, because it was first formed ; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honorable than its walls ?

The ground must be prepared, before corn can be planted : the potter must build his furnace, before he can make his porcelain.

As the breath of heaven sayeth unto the waters of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other ; thus high, and no higher, shall they raise their fury : So let thy Spirit, O man ! actuate and direct thy flesh ; so let thy soul repress the wildness and riot of the senses.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame ; suffer not its subjects to rebel against their lord.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth, thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to clouds, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers ; so runneth thy life-currents from the heart outward, and so returneth thy blood unto its place again.

Do not both retain their course forever? Behold ! the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nostril the channel to perfumes, and thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou that perfumes long smelled become offensive, that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the sentinels that watch for thee? Yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error !

Keep thy Soul in moderation ; teach thy spirits to be attentive to her good : for then shall these, her ministers, be always conveyances of truth to thee.

Thine hand, is it not a miracle? Is there in the creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing? That the world may read thy shame upon thy face : therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendor? Avoid guilt, and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee, that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Reverence them; for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou, man, alone canst speak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative; and pay to him that gave it thee a rational and welcome praise, teaching thy children wisdom, instructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

SECTION 5.—ORIGIN AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SOUL.¹

THE blessings, O man, of thine external part are health, vigor, and comeliness. The greatest of these is health. What health is to the body, even that is truthfulness to the soul.

¹ "Soul" in the Oriental and Theosophic usage of the term requires definition for the Western mind. *Soul* is not an immaterial or metaphysical abstraction, like "mind" or "thought," nor is it the divine and necessarily immortal principle in man. It is a substantial *thing*, composed of very subtile, tenuous, refined, and ordinarily supersensible matter, known as the fourth of the seven principles which enter into the human constitution, exactly intermediate in its nature between the physical body, or ordinary matter, and pure spirit. It is known also by the names "Vehicle of Will," "Body of Desire," "Spiritual Body," etc; the latter is the term applied to it by Saint Paul. Plato called it "Psyche." One's soul, in this sense, has form and substance, and is in fact an etherialized duplicate of the physical body. It survives the dissolution of the physical body, thus continuing individual existence after the death of the body. But that the soul should continue to exist for any considerable or an

That thou hast a soul, is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee. Be meek, be grateful for this ; seek not to know it perfectly ; it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, remembering, reasoning, willing, — call not these the Soul. They are her actions, but they are not her essence.

Raise her not too high, that thou be not despised. Be thou not like unto those that fall by climbing ; neither debase her to the senses of brutes, lest thou be like to the horse and the ass, in whom there is no understanding.

Search thy Soul by her faculties ; know her by her virtues. These are more in number than the hairs of thine head ; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not, with Arabians, that one soul is parted among all men ; neither believe thou, with the sons of Egypt, that every man hath many. Know that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Doth not the Sun harden the clay ? Doth he not also soften the wax ? As it is one sun that worketh both these things, even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

indefinite period after death, it is necessary that it should be united to the higher principles, perfect union of which with the soul constitutes individual conscious immortality. Separated from the higher principles, the soul may survive physical death for a while, but soon perishes, like the body, having no Reason to protract its existence.

As the Moon retaineth her nature, though darkness spread itself before her face as a curtain ; so the Soul remaineth safe even in the bosom of a fool.

She surviveth dissolution of the body ; she is unchangeable ; she is alike in all. Health calleth her forth to show her loveliness, and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Although she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee. She was created with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer for them.

Suppose not that death can shield thee from examination ; think not corruption can hide thee from inquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee from thou knowest not what again?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? Raiseth he not his voice to tell thee it is morning? Knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master? and flieth not the wounded goat to the herb that healeth him? Yet when these die, their soul returneth unto the dust ; thine alone surviveth.

Envy not these of their senses, because they are quicker than thine own. Learn that thy advantage lieth not in possessing good things, but in knowing how to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of the stag, or were thine eye as piercing as the eagle's ; didst thou equal the hound in smell ; could the ape resign to thee his taste, or the tortoise her feeling : yet, without reason, what would these senses avail thee ? Perish not all these creatures like their kind ?

Hath any one of them the gift of speech ? Can any one of them say unto thee, Therefore did I thus and so ?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of the cabinet ; no sooner are they opened than treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver are wise words uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy Soul ? Can too much be said in her praise ? She is the image of him that gave her.

Remember thou her dignity forever ; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good may also do harm. Take heed that thou direct thy Soul's course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the crowd, that thou canst bury her in thy closet. Action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual ; her attempts are universal ; her agility is not to be suppressed.

Is it at the uttermost part of the earth ? she will have it. Is it beyond the region of the stars ? yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight. As one traversing the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that thirsteth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she is rash ; restrain her, for she is irregular ; correct her, for she is outrageous. More supple is she than water, more pliable than wax, more yielding than air. Is there aught then can bind her ?

As a sword in the hand of a madman, even so is the Soul of him that lacketh discretion.

The end of her search is truth ; her means to discover it are reason and experience.

But are not these weak, uncertain, and fallacious ? How then shall she attain unto the truth ?

General opinion is no proof of truth ; for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perception of thyself, the knowledge of thy Creator, the sense of the worship thou owest unto him, are not these plain before thy face ? Hath thy soul the consciousness of God in thee ? Then, behold ! what is there more that man needeth to know ?

SECTION 6. — PERIOD AND USE OF HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of the morning to the lark, as the shade of the evening to the owl ; as honey to the bee, or as carrion to the vulture : even such is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not ; though obscure, it displeaseth not ; though sweet, it cloyeth not ; though corrupt, it revolteth not. Yet who is he that knoweth its true value ?

Learn to esteem life aright ; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not, with the fool, that nothing is more valuable ; nor believe, with the pretended wise, that thou shouldst condemn it. Love it not for itself, live it not for thyself ; but value and use thy life for the good of others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost of it. Employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not that it were best not to have been born ; or, if born, that it had been best to die early. Neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, Where had been the evil had I not existed ? Good is in thy power ; the want of good is evil : and if thy question be just, lo ! it condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook were hid therein ? Would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him ? So, neither would man wish to live were the soul to perish with this clay ; nor would a merciful God have created him. Know, hence, thou shalt live afterwards.

As the bird inclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet tear-eth not his flesh against the sides thereof ; so neither labor thou

vainly to escape from the state thou art in ; but know it is allotted thee, and be content therewith.

Though its ways be uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyself to them ; and where is least appearance of evil, there suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security ; but when thou art stretched on roses, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life ; strive to live therefore as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst. Whilst thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool of the shortness of thy time. Remember, that with thy days, thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life its useless parts, and what remaineth ? Take off the time of thine infancy, thy second childhood of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness ; and even at the fulness of years, how few the seasons thou hast truly numbered !

He that gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so. To what end would longer life have served thee ? Wishest thou to have an opportunity of more vices ? As to the good, will not he that limited thy span be satisfied with the fruits of it ?

To what end, O child of sorrow ! wouldest thou live longer ?

To breathe, to eat, to see the world? All this thou hast done often already. Too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome? and is it not superfluous?

Wouldest thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? Alas! what art thou to know? or who is he that shall teach thee? Badly enough thou employest the little thou hast; dare not therefore to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at thy want of knowledge; it must perish with thee in the grave. Be honest here; so shalt thou be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the raven, Why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? Or to the fawn, Why are thine eyes to see thine offspring to an hundred generations? Are these to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? Are they riotous? Are they cruel? Are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? Then less of it may suffice thee.

Man, that dare enslave the world, knowing that he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, to what would he not aspire if he were immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest it not. Thou art in want of it, O man! but thou art prodigal. Thou throwest

it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough ; and yet thou repinest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance that maketh rich, but economy. The wise continueth to live from his first period ; the fool is always beginning.

Labor not for riches first, and think thou wilt afterward enjoy them. He that neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath. As the arrow passeth through his heart, whilst the warrior knew not that it was coming ; so shall his life be taken away, before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life, that man should desire it ? What is breathing, that he should covet it ?

Is not life a scene of delusion, a series of misadventure, a pursuit of evils linked on all sides together ? In the beginning, it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow. As one wave pusheth on another, till both are involved in that behind them ; even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of man ; the greater and the present swallow up the lesser and the past. Our terrors are real evils ; our expectations look forward to improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals, and to desire as if immortal !

What part of life is it we would wish to remain with us ? Is it youth ? Can we be in love with riot, licentiousness, and temerity ? Is it age ? Then are we fond of infirmities ?

It is said, Gray hairs are revered, and in length of days is honor. But Virtue addeth reverence to the bloom of youth ; and without her, age planteth more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? What justice is in this, when it is not age that despiseth pleasure, but pleasure that despiseth age?

Be virtuous whilst thou art young ; so shall thine age be honored.

SECTION 7. — CONSIDERATION.

COMMUNE with thyself, O man ! and consider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, thy wants, and thy connections ; so shalt thou discover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak, or to act, before thou hast weighed thy words and examined the tendency of every step thou shalt take ; so shall disgrace fly far from thee, and in thine house shall shame be a stranger ; repentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue ; he speaketh at random, and is caught in the foolishness of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste and leapeth over a fence may

fall into a pit on the other side that he seeth not : so is the man that plungeth into an action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of Consideration : her words are the words of wisdom, and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

SECTION 8. — HUMILITY AND PRIDE.

WHO art thou, O man ! that presumest on thine own wisdom ? wherefore dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements ?

The first step toward being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant ; if thou wouldest not be deemed foolish in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of being wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman ; so a decent behavior is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth, and the diffidence of his words absolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom ; he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not ; he is the last to discover his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty, so are his virtues set off by the shade which his humility casteth upon them.

But behold the proud man, and observe his arrogance ! He clotheth himself in rich attire ; he walketh in the public street ; he casteth around his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor. He treateth his inferiors with insolence ; in return, his superiors look down with derision on his pride and folly.

He despiseth the judgment of others ; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination ; his delight is to hear and to speak of himself, all the day long.

He swalloweth his own praise with greediness ; and in return the flatterer eateth him up.

SECTION 9. — DILIGENCE AND SLOTH.

SINCE the days that are passed are gone forever, and those that are to be may not come to thee ; it behooveth thee, O man ! to employ the present time, neither regretting the loss of that which is past, nor depending too much on that which is to come.

This instant is thine ; the next lieth still in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest upon, do it quickly ; defer not till evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain ; but the labor of virtue bringeth forth abundance and pleasure.

The hand of Diligence defeateth want ; prosperity and success attend the industrious man.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth ; that hath risen to power ; that hath clothed himself with honor ; that is named in the city with praise ; and that standeth before the king in his counsel ? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house, and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late ; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action ; he preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden unto himself ; his hours hang heavy on his head ; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud ; he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise ; he wisheth for action, but hath no power to move ; his mind is in darkness ; his thoughts are confused ; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application ; he would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder ; his servants are wasteful and riotous ; he runneth on toward ruin. He seeth it with his eyes ; he

heareth it with his ears ; he shaketh his head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution. Then ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind ; and shame and remorse descend with him to the grave.

SECTION 10. — EMULATION AND JEALOUSY.

IF thy soul thirsteth for honor ; if thine ear hath pleasure in the voice of praise : raise thou thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thine aim to all that is praiseworthy.

The oak that now spreadeth his branches toward the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it be ; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing. Yet envy not the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to put down thy competitor by any dishonest method or unworthy rivalry ; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him. So shall they that contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

By virtuous emulation is the spirit of man exalted within him ; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression ; he soareth aloft as an eagle in the firmament, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are his visions by night ; his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs ; he rejoiceth in the execution thereof ; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the jealous man is gall and bitterness ; his tongue spitteth venom ; the success of his neighbor breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining ; and the good that cometh to another is to him an evil. Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness, and therefore believeth his neighbor like unto himself.

He endeavoreth to depreciate those that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their deeds. He lieth in wait, and meditateth mischief.

But the detestation of man pursueth him ; he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

SECTION II. — PRUDENCE.

HEAR the words of Prudence ; give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart. Her precepts are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her. She is the guide and mistress of human life.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame take care that he halt not himself. Whosoever speaketh of another's failings with delight, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Put a bridle on thy tongue ; set a guard before thy lips : lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace. Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

The garrulous man is a burden to society : the ear is sick of his babbling ; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee ; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

Scoff not at thine enemy ; satire shall move his tongue to stinging words, and his sarcastic lips shall mock thine own.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship ; and he who cannot restrain his tongue shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with accommodations proper to thy condition ; yet spend not to the utmost thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thine old age.

Avarice is the parent of evil deeds ; but frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.

Let thine own business engage thy attention ; leave the care of the state to the rulers thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality. He that indulgeth too much in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom ; and from their failings, learn to correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him ; yet mistrust none without reason, for it is uncharitable. But when thou hast proven a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure ; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favor of the mercenary, nor join in friendship with the wicked ; they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring sorrow to thy soul.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want ; neither leave to hazard that which foresight may provide or painstaking may prevent.

Yet expect not, even from Prudence, unfailing success ; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful ; yet never had a fool thorough enjoyment, never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

SECTION 12. — FORTITUDE.

PERILS and misfortunes, privation, pain, and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behooveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity, early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience ; that thou mayest

support thine allotted portion of human evils with a becoming resolution.

As the camel endureth labor and heat, and hunger and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not ; so the fortitude of man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune ; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down. He hath not suffered his happiness to depend upon her smiles ; therefore with her frowns shall he not be dismayed.

As a rock on the sea-shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not. He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him ; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out. He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth into battle ; he returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight ; and by his constancy he shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of the coward betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness ; by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As the reed is shaken by a breath of air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger, he is embarrassed and confounded ; in the day of misfortune, he sinketh ; and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

SECTION 13. — CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man ! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal ; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often in mercy denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, and for all honest endeavors, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortune thou bewailest, — behold the root from whence they spring ! Even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at these dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart. Neither say within thyself, Had I wealth or power or leisure, I should be happy ; for know that these all bring, to their several possessors, their peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich ; he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, nor knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure ; and therefore it is that he repineth at his lot.

Envy not, then, the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom ; for he that increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares. But a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou sufferest not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice, or temperance, or charity, or modesty ; then even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy. But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race that God hath set thee to run, and happiness is the goal ; at which none can arrive till he hath finished his course : then shall he receive his crown in the mansions of eternity.

SECTION 14. — TEMPERANCE AND CONTINENCE.

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness, on this side the grave, is to enjoy health, wisdom, and peace of mind ; and these are from Heaven.

These blessings if thou hast and wouldest preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of Voluptuousness, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board ; when her wine sparkleth in the cup ; when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and merry : then is the hour of danger.

Wherefore let Reason then stand firmly on her guard ; for if thou hearkenest unto the words of this adversary of virtue, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which she promiseth shall change to madness ; for her pleasures lead on to diseases, and thou hast locked arms with Death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those that have been allured by her smiles, that have listened to the seducing voice of her temptations.

Are they not meagre ? are they not sickly ? are they not spiritless ? Their short moments of jollity and riot, are they not followed by tedious hours of pain and dejection ?

She hath debauched and palled their appetites ; they have now no relish for her dainties ; her votaries are become her victims. Such is the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those that abuse his gifts.

But who is she that, with graceful steps and lively air, trippeth over yonder plain ?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks ; the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips ; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes ; and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walketh.

Her name is Health ; she is the daughter of Exercise, who

begat her of Temperance ; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and vivacious ; they partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister. Vigor stringeth their sinews, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labor is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight ; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore enduring ; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure ; their minds are serene ; and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates. Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, whilst a traitor lurketh within to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have kindled desire in the bosom of lascivious Love.

She standeth in her bower ; she courteth their regard ; she spreadeth her nets.

Her limbs are soft ; her air is delicate ; her attire is loose and inviting. Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom

sitteth temptation. She beckoneth with her finger ; she wooeth with her looks ; and by the smoothness of her tongue she seeketh to seduce them.

Ah ! fly from her allurements ; stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meet the languor of her eyes ; if thou hear the softness of her voice ; if she cast her arms about thee : so shall she bind thee in chains forever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care, and remorse.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health shall fly thy constitution. Thy days shall be few and inglorious ; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

SECTION 15. — BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN thou regardest thy wants, when thou seest thine imperfections ; acknowledge thou, O son of humanity ! the goodness of him that hath honored thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society to receive and reciprocate helps, to confer mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation ; thy protection from injuries ; thine enjoyment of the comforts and pleasures of life : all these thou owest to the assistance of others ; and these thou canst enjoy only in the bonds of society.

It is thy duty, therefore, to be a friend to mankind, as it is thine interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from her own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast ; he rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbor.

He openeth not his ear unto slander ; the faults and failings of others give pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good ; he searcheth out the occasions thereof ; and in removing the oppressions of others he relieveth his own.

From the largeness of his mind he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men ; from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoreth to promote it.

SECTION 16. — JUSTICE.

THE peace of society dependeth on Justice ; the happiness of individuals hangeth on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation ; let the hand of Justice guide them aright.

Cast not a covetous eye on the goods of thy neighbor ; let whatever is his be sacred from thy touch.

Let no inducement tempt thee, nor any provocation excite thee, to lift up thine hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame not his character ; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him.

And the wife of his bosom, O tempt her not to sin ! It would be a grief to his heart which thou couldst not alleviate, an injury to his life which no reparation could atone.

In all thy dealings with men, be just and impartial ; and do unto them as thou wouldest that they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust, and deceive not the man that relieth upon thee ; it is less evil in the sight of God to steal than to betray.

Oppress not the poor ; defraud not of his hire the laboring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation ; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make advantage to thyself.

Pay the debts that thou owest ; for he that gave thee credit relied upon thine honor ; and to withhold from him his due, is not less dishonorable than unjust.

Finally, O son of society ! examine thine heart ; call remembrance to thine aid ; and if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself ;

repent thou, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

SECTION 17. — CHARITY.

HAPPY is the man that hath sown in his breast the seed of benevolence ; the fruits thereof shall be Charity and Love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness ; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble ; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbor ; he believeth no tales of envy and malice, neither repeateth he any slanders or calumnies.

He forgiveth the injuries of men ; he wipeth them from his remembrance ; revenge and malevolence have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil ; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion ; he endeavoreth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labor.

He calmeth the fury of angry men, and healeth their quarrels ; he preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighborhood peace and good will, and his name is repeated with praise and benediction.

SECTION 18. — GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their sap to the root whence it arose ; as the river poureth his stream to the sea whence his spring was supplied : so doth the heart of a grateful man delight in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligation with cheerfulness ; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness ; he forgetteth it not, all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like unto the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers ; but the heart of the ungrateful is as a desert of sand, that swalloweth greedily the showers that fall, burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, nor strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred ; for though to oblige is better than to be obliged, and though generosity commandeth admiration : yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight of both God and man.

Entertain thou therefore Gratitude in thine house, and instruct her well : that when thou art visited by Generosity, thy guests may not say, Behold, we are strangers one to another !

But receive not a favor from the hand of the proud ; to the selfish and avaricious be under no obligation : for the vanity of pride shall expose thee to shame, and the greediness of avarice shall never be satisfied.

SECTION 19. — SINCERITY AND HYPOCRISY.

O THOU that art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charms ! Hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and forsake her not ; for the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with honor.

The tongue of the sincere man is rooted in his heart ; Hypocrisy and Deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falsehood, and is confounded ; but in speaking the truth, he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth, as a man, the dignity of his character ; to the arts of the hypocrite he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself ; he is never embarrassed ; he hath courage enough to speak the truth : but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation ; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips ; he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth in friendliness ; he reproveth with freedom ; and whatsoever he promiseth shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast ; he masketh his words in the semblance of truth, whilst the business of his life is to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow ; he weepeth in joy ; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe ; but he blundereth into the light, and is exposed with his dirt on his head.

He passeth his days in perpetual constraint ; his tongue and his heart are forever at variance.

He laboreth for the name of a righteous man ; he huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool ! fool ! the pains that thou takest to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldest seem to be. The children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning ; in the midst of security thy disguise shall be stripped off ; and the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.

SECTION 20. — VANITY.

INCONSTANCY is powerful in the bosom of man ; Intemperance swayeth his heart this way and that ; Despair engrosseth much of it ; and Fear proclaimeth, Behold, I sit unrivalled therein ! But Vanity is beyond all these.

Weep not, therefore, at the calamities of the human state ;

but rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man given over to Vanity, life is but the shadow of a dream.

The hero, most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness? The public is fickle and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man that neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when he becometh greater, feedeth himself with wind whilst his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thy present station; and in more exalted ones thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself, like vanity? Lo! when thou seest not thyself, then others discover thee most plainly.

Less than the tulip, that is gaudy without perfume, and conspicuous without utility, is the man that setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit: for he lacketh even beauty.

The heart of the vain is troubled whilst it seemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His solicitude cannot rest with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide his anxiety. He extendeth his thoughts beyond his being; he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone: but whoso promiseth it, deceiveth him.

As the man that engageth his wife to remain in widowhood,

that she disturb not his soul : so is he that expecteth praise to reach his ears beneath the earth, or to cherish his heart in its shroud.

Do well whilst thou livest ; but regard not what is said of thy deeds. Content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing thee praised.

As the butterfly that seeth not her own colors ; as the jessamine that scenteth not the fragrance it casteth forth : so is the man that appeareth gay, and biddeth others take note of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold, or to what end is my table filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them, if the world know it not? But do thou give thy raiment to the naked and thy food unto the hungry : so shalt thou be praised, and feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words? Thou knowest when it is returned to thee ; and thou regardest it not. The flatterer knoweth he lieth unto thee ; yet also that thou wilt thank him for it. Speak but sincerely, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain man delighteth to speak of himself ; but he seeth not that others dislike to hear him.

If he hath done any thing worthy of praise ; if he possess any thing worthy of admiration : his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported.

The desire of such a man defeateth itself. Men say not, Behold, he hath done it ! See, he possesseth it ! but, Mark how proud he is of it !

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things. He who fixeth his soul on display, loseth the reality. He pursueth bubbles which break in their flight ; and he treadeth to earth that which would do him honor.

SECTION 21. — INCONSTANCY.

NATURE urgeth thee to Inconstancy, O man ! Therefore guard thyself at all times against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and vacillating ; from the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability : how then shalt thou be firm ?

They that gave thee a body, furnished it with weakness ; but he that gave thee a soul, armed it with resolution. Employ this, and thou art wise ; be wise, and thou shalt be happy.

He that doeth well, let him beware how he boasteth of it ; for rarely is it of his own will.

Is not well-doing the result of an impulse from without, born of uncertainty, determined by accident, dependent on circumstances ? To these conditions then, and to chance, is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the purpose of thine actions ; beware

of wavering in the execution thereof: so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act perversely? What can suppress the tendencies to this, but firmness of mind?

The inconstant man feeleth that he changeth, but knoweth not why; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but perceiveth not how. Be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action, and see that thou act ever according to them.

First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee, and thy constancy insure unto thee the good that thou possessest. So shall misfortune be driven from thy door, and Anxiety and Disappointment be strangers to thy gates.

Suspect not evil in any one until thou seest it; when thou seest it, forget it not.

Whoso hath been an enemy, can hardly be a friend; for man mendeth not easily his faults.

How shall his actions be right that hath no rule of life? Nothing can be just that proceedeth not from reason.

The inconstant hath no peace in his soul; neither can any be at ease with whom he concerneth himself.

His life is unbalanced ; his motions are irregular ; his soul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee, to-morrow thou art detested by him ; and why ? Himself knoweth not wherefore he then loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day is he the tyrant, but to-morrow thy servant is less humble ; and why ? He that is arrogant without power, will be servile when there is no subjection.

To-day is he profuse, yet to-morrow he grudgeth food unto his mouth. Thus is it with him that knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the chameleon, He is black, when a moment after, the greenness of grass overspreadeth him ?

Who shall say of the inconstant, He is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing ?

What is the life of such a man, but the phantom of a dream ? In the morning he riseth happy, at noon he is on the rack ; this hour he is a god, the next below a worm ; one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth ; now he willeth, then he willeth not ; and next he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither ease nor pain hath fixed upon him ; neither is he waxed greater, nor become less ; neither hath he cause for laughter, nor reason for sorrow : therefore shall none of these abide with him.

The happiness of the inconstant is as a palace built on the

sand, and the wind bloweth away its foundation. What wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherward directs his even, uninterrupted course? Whose foot is firm on the earth, whose head is high above the clouds.

On his brow sitteth majesty ; steadiness is in his port ; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look upon them ; though heaven and earth oppose his passage, yet he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread ; the waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

The tigress throweth herself across his way in vain ; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through embattled legions ; with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms beat against his shoulders, but are not able to shake them ; the thunder bursteth over his head unheard ; the lightning serveth only to show the glory of his face.

His name is Resolution ! He cometh from the uttermost part of the earth ; he discerneth Happiness afar ; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to her gates ; he entereth boldly, and there he remaineth forever.

Establish thy heart, O man ! in what is-right ; then know, that the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

SECTION 22. — INFIRMITY.

VAIN and inconstant as thou art, O child of imperfection ! how canst thou but be weak ? Is not inconstancy connected with frailty ? Can there be vanity without Infirmary ? Avoid the danger of the one : so shalt thou escape the mischiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak ? In that wherein thou seemest most strong ; in that wherein thou gloriest most : even in employing the things thou possessest ; in using the good that is about thee.

Are not thy desires also frail ? Knowest thou even what it is thou shouldest wish ? When thou hast obtained what most thou soughtest after, behold ! it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is before thee its relish ? Why appeareth what is yet to come the sweeter ? Because thou art wearied with the good of what is thine ; because thou knowest not the evil of what is not with thee. Know, that to be content is to be happy.

Couldst thou choose for thyself ; if thy Creator laid before thee all that thine heart could desire : would Happiness then remain with thee ? Or would Joy dwell always within thy gates ?

Alas ! thy weakness forbiddeth it ; thine infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure ; but what shall always delight thee must be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repentest the loss of it ; though while it was with thee, thou didst despise it.

The thing that succeedeth it, hath no more pleasure for thee ; and thou afterward quarrellest with thyself for preferring it. Behold the only circumstance in which thou errest not !

Is there aught in which thy weakness appeareth more than in desiring things ? Behold ! it is in the possessing and in the manner of using them.

Good things cease to be such in our enjoyment of them. What Nature meant for pure sweets are sources of bitterness to us ; from our delights ariseth pain ; from our joys, sorrow.

Be moderate in enjoyment, and it shall remain in thy possession ; let thy joy be founded on reason, and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, but they end in languor and dejection. The object for which thou burnest doth put out thy fire with satiety ; no sooner hast thou possessed it than thou art weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration, unite friendship with thy love ; so shalt thou find, in the end, content so absolute that it surpasseth raptures, and tranquillity worth more than ecstasy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil ; but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil from the good.

As joy is not without its alloy of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief are opposites, but inseparably united ; and only our own choice can give us either of them entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth delight, and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his destruction ; and out of the worst, the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness with thy nature, O man ! that thou hast strength neither to be wholly good, nor entirely evil. Rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil, and be content with the good that is within thy reach.

The virtues are allotted to various stations. Grieve not that thou canst not possess them all ; nor seek after impossibilities.

Wouldest thou have at once the liberality of the rich and the contentment of the poor ? Should the wife of thy bosom be despised because she showeth not the virtues of the widow ?

If thy father sink before thee in the dissensions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him and thy duty save his life ?

If thou behold thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life? And is not also he that taketh away this life his murderer?

Truth is ever one and the same ; thy doubts are of thine own raising. He that made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy reason dictateth to thee, and the end shall be always right.

SECTION 23. — INSUFFICIENCY OF KNOWLEDGE.

IF there is any thing lovely ; if there is any thing desirable ; if there is any thing within the reach of man that is worthy of praise : is it not Knowledge? Yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it ; the ruler of the people demandeth the praise of it : but do his subjects find that either of these possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man ; neither can it be necessary to tolerate vice. Yet how many evils are permitted with the connivance of the law ! how many crimes are committed by decree of the council !

But be wise, O ruler of the people ! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations ! One crime authorized by thee is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous ; when thy sons increase

about thy table : sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended ?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will have it ? Surely thou forgettest, that thy Maker created these also ; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou that justice cannot be executed without wrong ? Surely thine own words condemn thee !

Thou that flatterest with false hopes the criminal, that he may confess his guilt ; art thou not unto him a criminal ? Is thy guilt the less, because he cannot punish it ?

When thou commandest to the torture him that is only suspected of crime ; darest thou to remember, that thou mayest rack the innocent ?

Is thy purpose answered by the event ? Is thy soul satisfied with his confession ? Pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easily as what is ; and anguish hath caused Innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou doest worse than kill him ; that thou mayest prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blindness to all truth ! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise ! Know, when thy judge shall bid thee account for

this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of Truth? How shalt thou ascend to the foot of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the splendor of her countenance dazzle thee in thine approaches.

If thou wouldest mount up unto her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool. If thou wouldest arrive at the knowledge of Truth, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls; therefore seek her carefully. The emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby, are as dross beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

Say not unto thyself, Behold! truth breedeth enmity, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truthfulness better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the Truth; yet when she is before him, he will not take her; and if she force herself upon him, is he not offended?

The fault is not in the truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of man beareth not the splendor of truth, and error abideth in his frailty.

Wouldest thou see thine insufficiency more plainly, view thy-

self at thy devotions. To what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities ; to remind thee of thy weakness ; to show thee that from Heaven alone canst thou hope for good ?

Doth it not remind thee, that thou art dust ? Doth it not tell thee, that thou art ashes ? And, behold ! repentance, is it not built on frailty ?

When thou givest thine oath ; when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive ; behold ! it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it.

Learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten ; learn to be honest, and oaths become unnecessary.

The shorter thy follies are, the better. Say not therefore to thyself, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason, shall suffer a repulse with moderation.

If thou art suspected, answer with freedom. Whom should suspicion affright, save the guilty ?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpose by supplications ; the proud is rendered more obstinate by entreaty ; the sense of thine insufficiency commandeth thee to hear : but in order to be just, thou must hear without thy passions ; thou must listen without emotion, that thy reason may determine the event.

SECTION 24. — MISERY.¹

FEEBLE and insufficient as thou art in good, O man ! frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure, O child of the hour ! yet is there one thing in which thou art strong and unshaken : Its name is Misery.

It is the character of thy being ; it is the prerogative of thy nature : in thy breast alone it resideth ; without thee there is nothing of it. And behold ! what is its source, but thine own passions ?

But he that provided these, gave thee also reason to subdue them : exert thy will, and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful ? Thy destruction, is it not glorious ? Lo ! men adorn the instruments of death with gold and gems ; and wear these weapons over their garments. He that begetteth a man, hideth his face for shame ; but he that killeth a thousand is honored.

Know thou notwithstanding, that this is an error. Custom cannot alter the nature of things ; neither can the opinions of man destroy justice. The glory and the shame are misplaced

¹ An example of what is sometimes called "Buddhistic pessimism." But the facts upon which this jeremiad rest are much older than Buddhism ; they are coeval with humanity.

in begetting and destroying ; they are transposed, the one for the other.

There is but one way for man to be begotten ; there are a thousand means whereby he may be destroyed.

There is no praise or honor to him that giveth being to another ; but triumph and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he that hath many children, hath as many blessings ; and he that hath taken away the life of another, shall not enjoy his own.

Whilst the savage curseth the birth of his son, and blesseth the death of his father ; doth he not call himself a monster ?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man ; but he maketh it more whilst he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is misery : too much of this thou art born unto ; add not unto it by thine own perverseness.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee ; pleasure is a stranger that visiteth thee but by times. Use well thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind thee ; be prudent, and the visitations of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of suffering ; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can only be admitted in turn ; but pains rush in a thousand at a time.

As the blaze of a straw fadeth as soon as it is kindled, so passeth away the brightness of joy ; and thou knowest not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent, but happiness is rare ; pain cometh of itself, but delight must be purchased ; grief is unmixed, but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterness.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less nearly than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish ; we fly often from pleasure ; when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth ?

Reflection is the proper part of man ; a sense of his state is his first duty : but who remembereth himself in joy ? Is it not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us ?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come ; he remembereth it when it is past ; he considereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itself.

Think only of pain when it is upon thee : so shalt thou avoid what most would hurt thee.

He that weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth ; and why, but that he loveth weeping ?

The stag weepeth not until the spear is lifted up against him ; nor do the tears of the beaver fall till the hound is ready to seize him. But man dieth many times in the apprehen-

sion of death ; and his fear is greater misery than the event itself.

Be always prepared to render an account of thine actions ; then shall the best death be that which is least premeditated.

SECTION 25. — JUDGMENT.

THE greatest bounties given to man are Judgment and Will ; happy is he that misapplieth them not !

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains destroyeth all that is borne before it ; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason in him that submitteth to it without saying, What is thy foundation ?

See that what thou receivest as true, be not merely the shadow of truth ; for what thou acknowledgest as convincing is often but plausible.

Be firm, be constant, determine for thyself ; so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of thine action ; remember, man is not above the reach of accidents, and thy wrongdoing may be overruled to good result.

Condemn thou not the judgment of another, because it differeth from thine own ; may not even both be in error ?

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemnest

the stranger because he wanteth these ; judgest thou not of the camel by his bridle ?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou hast slain him. Thou hast put him beyond thy reach, thou hast given him quiet, and thou hast taken from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother unchaste, and art thou grieved to be told of it ? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it ? He that despiseth thee for this, condemneth himself. Art thou answerable for the vices of another ?

Disregard not a jewel, because thou hast it ; neither enhance the value of anything, because it is another's. Possession, to the wise, addeth to the price of what he hath.

Honor thy wife not the less, because she is in thy power ; and despise him that hath said, Wouldest thou love her less ? marry her ! What hath put her in thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue ? Shouldest thou love her less for being more beholden to her ?

If thou wert just and honorable in thy courtship of her ; though thou neglectest her when she is thine, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He that thinketh his wife to be the best, only because he possesseth her ; if he be not wiser than thou art, at the least is he more happy.

Weigh not the loss thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth ; the greatest griefs are above these expressions.

Esteem not an action, because it is done with noise and pomp ; the noblest soul doeth great things, but is not moved in the doing of them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him that heareth it ; but tranquillity rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad motives. Thou canst not know his heart ; but the world will know by thine uncharity that thine own heart is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice than folly ; to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury ; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate ; so shall they that love thee be more in number than they that hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and slow to censure ; so shall praise be upon all thy virtues, and the eye of enmity be blind to thine imperfections.

When thou doest good, do it because it is good ; not because men esteem it right. When thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil ; not because men speak against the wrong.

Be honest for the love of it, and thou shalt be uniformly

honest. He that doeth well without principle is wavering; he seeketh to profit by his policy.

Wish rather to be reprov'd by the wise, than applauded by him that hath no understanding. When they tell thee of a fault, it is that they suppose thou canst improve; but when he praiseth thee, it is that he thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art unqualified; lest he that knoweth more of it despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant; when he seeth thy presumption will he upbraid not thee?

Expect not a friendship with him that hath injured thee. Thou that hast suffered the wrong may forgive him; but the doer of it forgetteth never; nor will he ever be at one with thee.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest to be thy friend. Behold! the sense of indebtedment will drive him from thee. A little benefit alienateth friendship; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger unappeasable. Rather is it that he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Fret not at the good of a stranger; neither rejoice in the evil that befalleth thine enemy. Wishest thou that others should do thus by thee?

Wouldest thou enjoy the good will of all men? Let thine own benevolence be universal. If thus thou obtainest it not, no other means can give it thee. And know, though thou hast it not, thine is the greater pleasure of having merited it.

SECTION 26. — PRESUMPTION.

PRIDE and meanness seem incompatible, but man reconcileth contrarieties; he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason; it is the nurse of error: yet is it akin with human nature.

For who is there that judgeth neither too highly of himself, nor too meanly of others?

Our Creator himself escapeth not our presumption. How then shall we be safe from one another?

What is the origin of superstition? And whence ariseth false worship? From our presuming to reason about what is above our reach; from our presumption respecting what is incomprehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings are, yet employ we not their little forces as we ought. We soar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness; we give not wing enough to our ideas when we would enter into adoration of the Deity.

Man, that feareth to breathe a whisper against his earthly

sovereign, trembleth not to arraign the dispensations of his God. He forgetteth God's majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He that dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honor, yet blusheth not to call his Creator to be witness to a lie.

He that would hear the sentence of the magistrate in silence, yet dareth to plead with the Eternal. He attempteth to soothe the Almighty with entreaties, to flatter him with promises, to agree with him upon conditions ; yea, to brave and murmur at him, if his request be not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man ! in thy impiety, but that this is not thy day of retribution ?

Be not presumptuous like one that would fight with the thunder ; nor dare thou deny thy Creator because he chastiseth thee. Thy madness is on thine own head in this ; thine impiety hurteth none but thyself.

Why boasteth man that he is the favorite of his Maker, yet neglecteth to pay his homage for this ? How suiteth such a thankless life with a belief so haughty ?

Man, that is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believeth the whole earth and heaven created for him. He thinketh the whole constitution of nature hath interest in his well-being.

As the fool, whilst images tremble on the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon are dancing

to do him pleasure ; so doth man, whilst Nature performeth her destined course, believe that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

Whilst he courteth the rays of the Sun to warm him, he supposeth these beams made only for his use ; whilst he traceth the Moon in her nightly path, he believeth she was created for his pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride ! Be humble. Know thou art not the reason why the world holdeth its course ; not for thee are made all the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow, if thy whole race existed not ; thou art but one creature among millions that are blessed in bounteous life from the hands of God.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens ; for lo ! there are angels above thee ; nor disdain thy fellow-creatures of the earth, in that any are beneath thee. Are all these not the work of the same hand ?

Thou that art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how darest thou in wantonness put others of his creatures to torture ? Beware lest their torments return upon thee !

Serve they not all the same universal Master with thee ? Hath he not appointed unto each its laws ? Hath he not care for their preservation ? And darest thou to infringe the Creator's prerogative ?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth ; neither condemn as false what agreeth not with thine own apprehension. Who gave thee the power of determining for others ? Who took from the world the right of choice ?

How many things have been rejected, which now are received as truths ? How many, now received as truths, shall in their turn be despised ? Of what, then, O man ! canst thou be certain ?

Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee. Virtue is more thy business here than knowledge.

Truth and error, have they not the same appearance in what we fail to understand ? What, then, but our presumption, can determine between them ?

We easily believe in what is beyond our comprehension ; or we are proud to pretend that we understand it. Is not this folly and arrogance ?

Who is he that affirmeth most boldly ? Who is he that holdeth his opinion most obstinately ? Even he that hath most ignorance ; for he also hath most pride.

Every man, when he layeth hold of an opinion, desireth to remain in it ; but most of all, he that hath most presumption. He contenteth not himself to betray his own soul into it ; but he will impose it on others, to make them believe in it also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

SECTION 27. — COVETOUSNESS.

RICHES are not worthy a strong attention ; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good, the joy he taketh in possessing it, is grounded only on opinion. Take not that from the vulgar ; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison to the soul. It contaminateth and destroyeth every thing that is good for the soul. It is no sooner rooted there than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold ; his parent might die ere he would open his coffer. Nay, he considereth not even himself in respect of his avarice. In the search of happiness, he maketh himself miserable.

As the man that selleth his house to purchase ornaments for its embellishment ; even so is he that giveth up peace in the search of riches, in the hope that he may enjoy them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that there the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in the pursuit of wealth.

Thou fool ! Is not virtue of more worth than riches ? Is not guilt more base than poverty ? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man. Be thou content with this, and thine happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him that heapeth up more.

Nature hath hidden gold beneath the earth, as unworthy to be seen ; silver hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet. Meaneth she not by this to inform thee that gold is not worth thy regard, that silver is beneath thy notice ?

Covetousness burieth thousands of wretches under ground ; these dig for their hard masters. What returneth the injury ? What maketh these more miserable than their slaves ?

The Earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure. Where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the ass his provender ; as the fields of corn laugh not on that side of the hill ; as the olive beareth not there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters : even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise ; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold ; it serveth not him. He possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever ; it burneth and tortureth him, and quitteth him not until death.

Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions? Hath it ever added to the goodness of any? Wherefore then shouldest thou desire to be distinguished by the possession thereof?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least worldly wealth? And is not wisdom happiness? Have not some amongst the worst of thy kind possessed the most wealth? And hath not their end been miserable?

Poverty lacketh many things; but covetousness denieth itself every thing. The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

Be industrious to procure gold, and be generous in the disposal thereof. Man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness to another.

SECTION 28. — PRODIGALITY.

IF there be a vice greater than hoarding up riches, it is employing them to useless purposes.

The prodigal that lavisheth anything he hath to spare, robbeth the poor; for Nature giveth them a right unto his almsgiving.

He that squandereth his treasure, refuseth the means to do good. He denieth himself the practice of virtues, whose reward is in their hand, whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them. Man governeth himself more easily in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, — patience to support it. The rich, if he hath not charity, prudence, temperance, and many more virtues, is guilty.

The poor is committed only to the good of his own estate ; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasures wisely, giveth away his plague ; he that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger what he needeth ; deny not unto thy brother what thou wantest not thyself.

Know thou, there is more delight in being without what thou hast given, than in possessing millions of what thou knowest not how to use.

SECTION 29. — REVENGE.

THE root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul ; the most abject and timorous are the most addicted thereunto.

Who torture those they hate, but cowards ? Who murder those they rob, but the timid ?

The feeling an injury must be previous to the revenging it. But the noble mind disdaineth to say, This hurteth me.

Though the injury be not beneath thy notice, yet he that

doeth it unto thee, in that maketh himself unworthy thy regard. Wouldest thou enter the lists with thine inferior?

Requite with kindness the man that attempteth to wrong thee ; do good to him that would disquiet thee. In this thou not only preservest thine own peace, but thou also inflictest punishment without stooping to revenge.

As the lightning and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below ; so injuries reach not up to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as they are who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge ; but greatness of soul despiseth the offence : Nay, magnanimity doeth good even unto the offender who would have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man ! With what purpose dost thou pursue it ? Thinkest thou to pain thine adversary thus ? Know, that thyself shalt feel greater torment.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him that is infected with it ; whilst he against whom it is intended, remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts ; therefore Nature intended it not for thee. Needeth he that is injured, more pain ? Or ought he to add a pang to the affliction which another hath cast upon him ?

The man that meditateth revenge is not content with the injury he hath received ; he addeth to his anguish the punish-

ment due unto another : whilst the one that he seeketh to hurt goeth his way laughing, and maketh merry at this addition to the misery of the revenger.

Revenge is painful in the intent and dangerous in the execution. Seldom doth the axe fall where he that lifteth it up intended ; and lo ! he remembereth not that it must recoil against himself.

Whilst the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction ; whilst he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo ! he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth ; if he succeed, he repenteth. The fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul ; the care to hide him from justice destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satisfy thy hatred ? Can the setting him at rest restore thy peace ?

Wouldest thou make him sorry for his offence, conquer him by sparing him. In death he owneth not thy superiority ; nor feeleth he any more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge, there should be a triumph of the revenger, and one that hath injured him should feel his displeasure ; this is the revenge inspired by anger. But thou art wiser if thy contempt be silent ; and what maketh thee greatest is, to repay injuries with kindness.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice. He that inflicteth it, feareth that his enemy may live to avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel, but restoreth not the reputation. Killing is an act of caution, not of courage ; it may be safe, but it is not honorable.

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence, but nothing so honorable as to pardon the offender.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself. He that disdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth upon him who offered it.

When thou meditatest revenge, thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong ; when thou complainest, thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it. Meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy ?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt ; how then can he who despiseth it revenge it ?

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy ; greatness of soul will deter him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory is in forgiveness ; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honor is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause ; to be a party to the act, and yet to pronounce sentence upon it ?

Before thou condemnest, let another say thy condemnation is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated ; but he that is endued with clemency is adored. The praise of his actions remaineth forever ; and the love of the world attendeth him.

SECTION 30. — CRUELTY, HATRED, AND ENVY.

REVENGE is detestable. What then is Cruelty ? Lo ! Cruelty possesseth the mischiefs of the other ; but wanteth even the pretext of provocation.

Men disown Cruelty as not of their nature ; they are ashamed of her as a stranger to their hearts. Do they not call her Inhumanity ?

Whence then is her origin ? unto what that is human oweth she her existence ? Her father is Fear ; and behold ! Dismay, is she not her mother ?

The hero lifteth his sword against the enemy that resisteth ; but no sooner doth he conquer than he is satisfied. It is not in Honor to trample on the subject that feareth ; it is not in Virtue to insult what is beneath her. Subdue the insolent ; spare the humble : and thou art at the height of victory.

He that wanteth virtue to arrive at this end ; he that hath not courage to ascend thereunto ; lo ! he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He that feareth all, striketh at all. Why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror?

The cur will tear the carcase the face whereof he dared not look in whilst living ; but the hound that hunteth it to death mangleth it not afterwards.

Civil wars are the most bloody, because they that fight them are cowards. Conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence. Doth not fear tell them that they may be betrayed?

That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred ; that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be regarded in two ways : in one he will be troublesome, in the other less offensive. Choose to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee ; then shalt thou do no hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto good? In what offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than for hatred. Man may be reconciled to him whereof he complaineth ; whom murdereth he but him that he hateth?

If thou art deprived of a benefit, fly not into a rage ; the loss of thy reason is the greater deprivation.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloke, wouldest thou strip thyself of thy coat also?

Whilst thou enviest the man that possesseth honors ; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation ; seek to know whence they came unto him ; enquire by what means he attained them : then shall thine enmity be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee, at the same price ; be assured, wert thou wise, thou wouldest refuse it.

What is the wages of titles but flattery ? How doth man purchase power, but by being a slave to him that conferreth it ?

Wouldest thou lose thine own liberty, to be able to take away that of another ? Or canst thou envy him that so doeth ?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price ; and that price, is it not more than the value ? Wouldest thou pervert the customs of the world ? Wouldest thou have the price and the purchase also ?

As thou canst not covet what thou wouldest not accept, disdain and drive from thy soul this cause of hatred and cruelty.

Thou that possessest honor, canst thou also desire any thing that is obtained at the expense thereof ? Thou that knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those that have bartered it so meanly ?

When thou hast taught thyself to hear of the seeming good of men without repining ; then thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure. If thou seest good things fall to one that

deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice ; for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He that rejoiceth in the happiness of another, encreaseth his own.

SECTION 31.—HEAVINESS OF HEART.

THE soul of the cheerful forceth a smile upon the face of affliction ; but the despondency of the sad deadeneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of Sadness, but a feebleness of the soul ? What giveth her power, but the want of spirit ? Rouse thyself to the combat, and she quitteth the field before thou strikest.

She is an enemy to thy race ; therefore drive her from thine heart. She poisoneth the sweets of thy life ; therefore suffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the destruction of thy fortune. She vexeth thy soul about trifles ; she robbeth thee of thine attention to things of consequence. Behold ! She but feigneth what she seemeth to relate unto thee.

She spreadeth drowsiness as a veil over thy virtues ; she hideth them from him that would honor thee on beholding them ; she entangleth and keepeth them down, the while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exercise and exhibit them.

Lo ! She oppresseth thee with evil ; and she tieth down thy hands when they would throw off thy burthens.

Wouldest thou avoid what is base ; wouldest thou disdain what is cowardly ; wouldest thou drive from thee what is unjust : then suffer not sadness to lay hold upon thine heart.

Suffer not heaviness of heart to cover itself with the face of piety ; let it not deceive thee with a show of wisdom. Religion payeth honor to thy Maker ; let it be not clouded with melancholy. Wisdom maketh thee happy ; know then that sorrow is a stranger to her gates.

For what should man be sorrowful, but for afflictions ? Why should his heart give up its joys, when the sources of happiness are not removed from him ? Is not this being miserable for the sake of misery ?

As the mourner that looketh sad because he is hired to do so, and weepeth because his tears are paid for ; so is the man that alloweth his heart to be cast down, not because he suffereth aught, but because he is gloomy.

It is not that the occasion necessarily produceth the sorrow ; for the same thing shall be to another a cause of rejoicing.

O son of man ! if clouds gather about thy pathway, will Sadness lift them ? Folly alone would tell thee so. Thy fellows are wiser ; they praise him who beareth his ills with patience, and maketh headway against misfortune with courage. But applause should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against Nature, and troubleth her motions. Lo ! she rendereth distasteful what Nature hath made agreeable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest, and raiseth not its head again ; so boweth the heart of man to the weight of sadness, and returneth unto its strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the mountains from the rain that trickleth down their sides ; even so is beauty washed from off the face by tears : and neither the one nor the other restoreth itself again.

As the pearl is dissolved by the acid that seemeth at first to obscure its surface only ; so is thy happiness, O man ! swallowed up by heaviness of heart that at first seemeth only to overshadow thee as a cloud.

Behold Sadness in the streets ! Cast thine eyes upon her in the places of public resort. Doth any look upon her ? Avoideth she not every one ? And doth not every one fly from her presence ?

See how she droopeth her head, like the flower whose root is withered ! See how she fixeth her eyes on the earth ! See how they serve her no purpose but weeping !

Is there in her mouth discourse ? Is there in her heart the love of society ? Is there reason in her soul ? Ask her the cause ; she knoweth it not : enquire the occasion, and behold ! there is none.

Now doth her strength fail her ; at length she sinketh into the grave ; and lo ! none saith, What is become of her ?

Hast thou understanding, and seest thou not this ? Hast thou piety, and perceivest thou not thine error ?

God created thee in mercy. Had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence : how darest thou then to fly in the face of his majesty ? Or wilt thou spurn his benevolence ?

Whilst thou art most innocently happy thou doest him most honor. And what is thy despondency but murmuring against him ?

Created he not all things liable to change ? Then darest thou to weep at their changing ?

If we know this law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it ? If we are ignorant of the law, what shall we accuse but our blindness to that of which every moment giveth us the proof ?

Know that thou art not to give laws to the world ; but that thy part is to obey them as thou findest them. If they oppress thee, thy lamenting only addeth to thy distress.

But if thy will conformeth thee with natural laws, then thou art one with these, and there is no oppression, nor shall obedience be the cause of lamentation. Feeleth the patient ox his yoke ? Or knoweth the willing horse his rider's heaviness ?

Be not deceived with fair pretence, nor feign that sorrow healeth misfortune. It is a poison under the color of a remedy ; whilst it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast, lo ! it plungeth the barb into thy heart.

When sadness separateth thee from thy friends ; doth it not say, Thou art unfit for conversation ? When it driveth thee into corners ; doth it not proclaim, That it is ashamed of itself ?

It is not in human nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt ; nor doth reason require this of thee. But it is thy duty to bear misfortune manfully ; and for this thou must first feel it like a man.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, though virtue falleth not from thine heart. Be thou careful only that there is cause, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the evil is not to be reckoned by the abundance of tears shed for it. The deepest griefs are above the testimony of tears, even as the highest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief, or depresseth it like sadness ? Is the sorrowful man prepared for noble enterprises ? Doth the heavy hearted take up arms in the cause of virtue ?

Subject not thyself to those ills which offer no advantage in return to thee ; neither sacrifice thou any means of good unto that which is in itself an evil.

SECTION 32. — HOPE AND FEAR.

THE promises of Hope are sweeter than roses in the bud ; they flatter more thine expectation than unfolding doth the flower. But the threatenings of Fear are a terror to the heart ; even as a canker breeding in the blossom.

Nevertheless, let neither hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing right. So shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are not such to the good ; he that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

In all thine undertakings, let a reasonable assurance animate thine endeavors ; if thou despairst of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears, neither let thine heart sink within thee from phantoms of the imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune ; but he that hopeth helpeth himself.

As the ostrich hideth his head, but forgetteth his body ; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so ; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool ; but he that is wise pursueth it not.

In all thy desires, let reason attend thee ; and fix not thine hopes beyond the bounds of probability. So shall success take all thine undertakings by the hand, and thine heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

SECTION 33. — JOY AND GRIEF.

LET not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thine heart. This world affordeth no good so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of an even mind.

Lo ! yonder standeth the house of Joy. It is painted on the outside, and looketh gay ; thou mayest know it by the continual noise of revelry that issueth thence.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by ; she singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them all to come in and taste the pleasures of life ; and these she telleth them are nowhere to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter thou not within her walls ; neither associate thyself with those that frequent her house.

They call themselves sons and daughters of Joy ; they laugh and seem delighted : but madness and folly are in all their ways.

They are linked with evil hand in hand, and their steps lead down to death. Dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other side ; and behold, in that overshadowy vale hidden from the sight of men, the habitation of Grief.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs ; her mouth is filled with lamentation ; she delighteth to dwell on human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth ; the weakness and wickedness of man is her only theme.

To her, all Nature teemeth with evil ; every object is tinged with the gloom of her own mind ; and the voice of complaining maketh sad her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her prison-cell ; her breath is contagious ; she will blast the fruits and wither the flowers that adorn and sweeten the garden of life.

As thou avoidest the house of Joy, so let not thy feet betray thee to this dismal dwelling ; but keep with care the middle path which shall lead thee gently on to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her abideth Peace ; with her dwell Safety and Contentment. She is cheerful, but not mirthful ; she is serious, but not severe ; she vieweth the joys and sorrows of life with an equal and steady eye.

From her mansion, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those that are led by Frivolity to

abide in the company of Outrage and Riot ; and of those that, infected by gloominess and melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways shall keep thine own feet from straying.

SECTION 34. — ANGER.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of Nature ; as an earthquake in its convulsions overwhelmeth cities : so doth the rage of an angry man throw mischief around him. Danger and destruction wait on his hand ; he moveth but with harmfulness.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness : so shalt thou pardon the failings of others ; being not angered thereat, but full of forgiveness.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of Anger ; she but whetteth a sword to wound thine own breast, or pierce thy friend.

If thou bearest provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom ; and if thou wipest them from all remembrance, thine heart shall be restful and thy mind shall reproach thee not.

Do nothing in anger ; wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm ?

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding ?

Whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the wrath of another be a lesson to thyself, that thou mayest keep thine own temper.

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, then is it wise to prevent its onset ; avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath ; guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

Harbor not revenge, cherish not anger, nourish not wrath in thy breast ; it will torment thine heart, and pervert its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury. He that watcheth for an opportunity to retaliate, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat ; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches, but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wroth.

When in folly or weakness beginneth wrathfulness ; remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance. On the heels of this folly treadeth Shame ; at the back of such weakness standeth Remorse.

But when a righteous indignation kindleth thy soul and nerveth thine arm ; then fear nought, and let beware of thee

wrong-doers : so shall injustice tremble to know thine hand, and thine oppressors be brought to judgment.

SECTION 35. — PITY.

As blossoms are strewn upon the earth by the hand of spring ; as the bounty of summer perfecteth the harvest : so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

He that pitieth another, recommendeth himself to sympathy ; but he that is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb ; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor ; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless calleth upon thee ; when the widow's heart is bowed and she imploreth thine assistance with tears : oh, pity such afflictions ! and hold out thine hand to those that have none other to help them.

When thou seest the homeless wanderer of the street shivering with cold ; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness ; whilst

the unfortunate languisheth in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifteth up a feeble eye to thee for pity : oh, how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling for their woes ?

Know, that thy faith shall serve thee not, nor thine hope find fruition, if thou hast not also charity ; and what availeth compassion that thy lips attest, if good works attend it not ? Or pity, if it removeth not the occasion thereof ?

SECTION 36. — DESIRE AND LOVE.

BEWARE, young man ! beware of the allurements of wantonness, and let not the harlot tempt thee to access in her delights. For the madness of Desire shall defeat its own purpose ; from the blindness of this rage shalt thou rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thine heart to her sweet enticements, neither yield thy form to her soft blandishments ; suffer not thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

The fountain of health, that must supply the stream of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up ; and every spring of joy shall soon be exhausted. In the prime of thy life, old age shall overtake thee ; thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days ; yea, even a woman shall mock thee, saying, Standest thou not in thy strength ?

But when virtue and modesty shine on her charms, the lustre

of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven, and the gracious influences of the Pleiades are not more resistless.

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily ; her smiles are more delightful than a garden of roses. The innocence of her eye is like that of the dove ; simplicity and purity dwell in her heart. The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey ; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love. Its pure flame shall ennoble thy soul, and soften thine heart to receive the fairest impressions.

SECTION 37. — WOMANHOOD.

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love ! to the lessons of prudence ; let the precepts of truth sink deep in thine heart. So shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the grace of thy form ; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days ; when the eyes of men gaze upon thee with delight, and Nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks : ah ! guard well thine heart ; listen discreetly to their soft persuasions ; hear with caution their seducing words.

Remember, thou art made to be man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion ; the end of thy being is not to

gratify his loose desire ; but to assist him in the toils of life, to soothe him with thy tenderness, and to recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his household ?

Lo ! yonder she walketh in maiden purity, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment ; she delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness ; she is nourished with temperance ; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

In her voice dwelleth music ; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips. Decency is in all her words ; her answers are mildness and truth.

Before her steps walketh virtue ; prudence attendeth at her right hand, and discretion is by her side.

Her eye speaketh softness and love ; but the crown of chastity resteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence ; the awe of her womanhood keepeth him silent.

When scandal tosseth the fame of her neighbor from tongue to tongue ; if charity open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip. Her breast is the abode of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Love, honor, and obedience are the lessons of her life ; peace and happiness are her reward.

Happy the man that shall make her his wife ! Happy the child that shall call her mother !

She presideth in the house, and there is peace ; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariseth betimes in the morning ; she considereth her affairs, and appointeth to every one the proper business.

The care of her family is her chief delight ; to that she rightly applieth her study ; elegance and frugality abide in her mansion.

The economy of her management is an honor to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom ; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth ; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly ; she pointeth, and the thing is done : for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity, she is not puffed up ; in adversity, she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels ; his toils are sweetened by her endearments. He hideth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth his rich reward.

SECTION 38. — MARITAL RELATIONS.

TAKE unto thyself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God. Take unto thyself a wife, and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and conclude not suddenly ; on thy present choice dependeth thy future happiness.

If much of her time be wasted in dressing and adornment ; if she be enamoured of her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise ; if she laugheth much and talketh loud ; if her foot abideth not in her father's house ; if her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men : though her beauty be as the sun in the firmament, turn thine eyes from her charms ; turn thy way from hers ; suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thine imagination.

But when thou findest sensibility of heart, joined with softness of manners ; an accomplished mind, with a form agreeable to thy fancy : take her to thine house. She is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom.

Oh, cherish her, as a blessing from Heaven ! Let the kindness of thy behavior endear thee to her heart.

She is the mistress of thine house ; treat her therefore with respect, that thy servants may obey her.

Oppose not her inclination without reason ; as she is the

partner of thy cares, make her also the companion of thy pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness ; exact not her obedience with rigor.

Trust thy secrets to her breast ; her counsels are sincere, and thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed ; for she is the mother of thy children.

Consider the tenderness of her sex ; regard the delicacy of her frame ; be not severe to her weaknesses, but remember thine own imperfections.

When pain and sickness assail her, let thy tenderness soothe her affliction ; a look from thee of pity and love, shall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain, and be of more avail than many physicians.

SECTION 39. — PATERNITY.

CONSIDER, thou that art a parent, the importance of thy trust : the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth, whether the child of thy loins shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself ; a useful or a worthless member of the community.

Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind with the precepts of truth. Watch the way of his inclination ; set him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountain-top ; his head shall tower above the trees of the forest.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father ; but one that doeth right is an honor to his gray hairs.

The soil is thine own, let it not lack cultivation ; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee ; teach him continence, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits ; teach him charity, and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health ; teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him industry, and his wealth shall increase ; teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honored by the world ; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall reproach him not.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful ; teach him religion, and his death shall be happy.

SECTION 40. — FILIAL DUTY, AND FRATERNITY.

FROM the creatures of God let man learn wisdom ; and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son ! Observe the young stork, and let

him speak to thy heart. He beareth on his wings his aged sire ; he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than incense of Persia offered to the sun ; yea, more delicious than spices wafted from fields of Arabia by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life ; and to thy mother, for she bore thee.

Hear his words, for they are spoken for thy good ; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare ; he hath toiled for thine ease : honor therefore his age, and treat not his gray hairs with irreverence.

Forget not thine helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth ; indulge the infirmities of thine aged parents ; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace ; so shall thine own children, in reverence of thine example, repay thy piety with filial love.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care ; the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brethren and sisters, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation

that bindeth you to love and fraternity, and prefer no stranger before your own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him ; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race ; and his care be continued to you all, in your love one to another.

SECTION 41. — WISDOM AND FOLLY.

THE gifts of the understanding are amongst the treasures of God ; and he appointeth to every one a portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself.

Hath he endued thee with wisdom ? Hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth ? Communicate it to the ignorant, for their instruction ; to the wise, for thine own improvement.

True wisdom is less presumptuous than folly. The wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind ; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not ; for he knoweth all things, save his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination ; and to talk much is the very foolishness of folly. Nevertheless, it is the part of wisdom to bear with the impertinence of fools ; to hear their absurdities with patience, and to pity their puerilities.

Yet be not puffed up in thine own conceit, nor boast of superior understanding ; the clearest human knowledge is but blindness.

The wise man feeleth his imperfections, and is humbled ; he laboreth in vain for his own approbation. But the fool peepeth into the shallow stream of his own mind, and is pleased with the pebbles that he seeth at the bottom ; he bringeth them up, and showeth them as pearls ; and with the applause of his brethren delighteth he himself.

He boasteth of attainments in things that are of no worth ; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there hath he no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom, he toileth after folly ; and shame and disappointment are the rewards of his labor.

But the wise man cultivateth his mind with study, and filleth it with knowledge. The improvement of arts is his delight, and their usefulness to others crowneth him with honor.

Nevertheless, the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning ; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

SECTION 42. — WEALTH AND POVERTY.

THE man that God hath given riches, and that hath also been blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favored of heaven and highly distinguished amongst men.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He protecteth the poor that are helpless ; he suffereth not the strong to oppress the weak.

He seeketh out objects of compassion ; he inquireth into their wants ; he relieveth them with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit ; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works ; his country is enriched, and the laborer is employed ; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth that the superfluities of his table belong to the poor of his neighborhood ; and he defraudeth them not of their dues.

The benevolence of his purposes is not checked by his fortune ; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof ; that grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brow.

He thriveth on oppression unfeelingly ; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not. The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk ; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is hardened with love of wealth ; no grief or distress maketh impression upon it.

But him the curse of iniquity pursueth. He liveth in continual fear ; the anxiety of his mind and the rapacity of his own soul take vengeance upon him for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

Oh, what are the miseries of poverty compared with the gnawings of this man's heart ?

Let the poor man console himself, yea ! let him rejoice ; for he hath many reasons for joy.

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace ; his table is crowded not with flatterers and parasites.

He is not embarrassed with a train of dependents, neither is he teased with clamorous solicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases. His labor preserveth his health, and procureth him a repose to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

The bread he eateth, is it not sweet to his hunger ? The water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst ? yea ! far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious.

He limiteth his desires with humility ; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than the acquisition of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his wealth, nor the

poor despond in his poverty ; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both, and the distribution thereof is more equally made than the fool can believe.

SECTION 43. — SERVITUDE.

REPINE not, O man ! at the state of thy servitude. It is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages ; it removeth thee from the cares and solitudes of life.

The honor of a servant is his fidelity ; his highest virtues are honesty and obedience.

Be patient, therefore, under the reproofs of thy master ; and when he rebuketh thee, answer not again. The silence of thy submission shall not be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the trust that he reposeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labor belong unto him. Defraud him not thereof ; for these it is he payeth thee.

And thou that art master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest from him fidelity ; be reasonable in thy commands, if thou wouldest have his ready obedience.

The spirit of a man is in thy servant too ; severity and exaction may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mingle kindness with reproof, and reason with authority ; so

shall thine admonitions take root in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully, from the motive of gratitude ; he shall obey thee cheerfully, from the principle of love : and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their due reward.

SECTION 44. — GOVERNMENT.

O THOU, the favorite of Heaven ! one that the sons of men, thine equals, have agreed to raise to sovereignty, and set as ruler over themselves : consider the purpose and importance of this trust to be far above the dignity and power of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple, and seated on a throne ; the crown of majesty investeth thy temples ; the sceptre of power is placed in thine hand. But not for thyself were these insignia given ; not for thine own profit, but for the good of thy kingdom are they meant.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people ; his dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great ruler is exalted to the grandeur of his station ; he revolveth many things, and searcheth for that which is worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom ; he consulteth among them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of all.

He looketh among his people with discernment ; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just ; his ministers are wise ; and the favorite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He smileth on the arts, and they flourish ; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself ; he kindleth in their breasts emulation, and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labors.

The enterprise of the merchant that extendeth his commerce ; the skill of the farmer that enricheth his lands ; the ingenuity of the artisan ; the erudition of the scholar : all these he honoreth with his favor, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies ; he buildeth strong ships ; he openeth rivers for convenience ; he formeth harbors for safety. His people abound in riches, and the strength of his kingdom encreaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom ; his subjects enjoy the fruits of their labor in security ; and their happiness consisteth in observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on principles of mercy ; but in the punishment of offenders, he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects ; he

restraineth the hand of their oppressors, and delivereth them from tyranny.

His people look therefore to him as a father, with reverence and love ; they consider him as the guardian of all that they enjoy.

Their affection for him begetteth in his breast a love for his people ; to secure their happiness is his chief care.

No murmuring of their hearts is heard against him ; the machinations of his enemies disturb not his state.

His subjects are faithful, and firm in his cause ; they stand as a wall of brass in his defence ; his enemy's armies fly before them as chaff before the wind.

Peace and security bless the dwellings of his people ; strength and glory encircle his throne forever.

SECTION 45. — HONORS AND TITLES.

NOBILITY resideth but in the soul ; nor is there real honor except in virtue.

The favor of princes may be bought by rank and vices ; titles may be purchased for money. But these are not truly honorable.

Crimes exalt not the man who committeth them to real glory ; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue ; when he is set on high

that hath served his country : then he that bestoweth the honors hath glory, even as he that receiveth them ; and the world is benefited by such actions.

Wouldest thou wish to be exalted for men know not what? Wouldest thou that they should say, Why is this?

When the virtues of a hero descend to his children, his titles are fittingly bestowed ; but when he that inheriteth them is unlike him that deserved them, lo ! do they not call him degenerate?

Hereditary honor is accounted most noble ; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath himself acquired honor.

He that is himself undeserving, and appealeth to the merit of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief that claimeth protection by flying to the pagoda.

What good is it to the blind, that his father could see? What benefit is it to the dumb, that his grandsire was eloquent? Even so, what is it to the mean, that their ancestors were noble?

A mind disposed to virtue ennobleth its possessor ; and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar. He will acquire honor, whilst others receive it ; and can he not say unto them, Such as I am were the men from whom you glory in being derived?

As the shadow waiteth on the substance ; even so true honor attendeth on virtue.

Say not that honor is the child of boldness ; nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price thereof : honor is not due to the action, but to the manner of performing the deed.

All are not called to the helm of state ; neither can armies be commanded by every one. Do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain upon thee.

Say not that many difficulties are necessary to be conquered ; that great deeds or danger must be in thy way to renown. The woman who is simply chaste, is she not praised ? The man who is honest, deserveth he not to be honored ?

The thirst of fame is violent ; the desire of preferment is powerful : and he that gave these ambitions their vehemence, gave them to us for great purposes.

When heroic actions are necessary to the public welfare ; when lives must be exposed for the good of our country : what can add greater force to virtue than ambition ?

It is not to receive honor that delighteth the noble mind ; proper pride is in deserving to be honored. Is it not better that men should say, Why hath not this man a statue ? than that they should ask, Why hath he one ?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd ; he presseth forward, he looketh not behind him. More anguish is it to his soul, to see one before him, than the joy he hath to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man ; but it sprouteth not in all. Fear keepeth it down in many ; in some is it suppressed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul ; the first thing put on with the flesh, and the last vestiture the soul layeth down at its separation from the body.

It is an honor to thy nature, when worthily employed ; when directed to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of a traitor, ambition is covered ; Hypocrisy hideth it under her mantle, and cool Dissimulation furnisheth it with smooth words : but in the end, men see what it is.

The serpent loseth not his sting, though benumbed with frost ; the fang of the viper is not broken, though the cold closeth his mouth. Take pity on his state, and he will show thee his spirit ; warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth Virtue for herself ; he disdaineth the applause that ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable would be the state of Virtue, could she be happy but from another's praise ! She is too noble to seek applause, and no more desireth to be rewarded than she is able to receive her deserts.

The higher the Sun ariseth, the less shadow doth he make. Even so, the greater is Virtue, the less doth she covet praise ; yet she cannot avoid her reward in honors.

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him that pursueth ; but followeth at the heels of him that would fly from it. If thou courtest it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it ; if thou deservest it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue what is honorable ; do what is right : and the voice of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee than the shouts of millions who know not that thou deservest applause.

SECTION 46. — SCIENCE AND LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his Creator.

To him that the natural sciences delight, every object bringeth a proof of his God ; and every thing that proveth this, giveth cause of adoration. His mind is lifted up to heaven every moment ; his life becomes one continuous act of devotion.

When he casteth his eyes toward the sky, findeth he not the heavens full of God's wonders ? When he looketh down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim, Less than Omnipotence could not have created me ?

Whilst the Sun remaineth in his determined place ; whilst the Planets perform their appointed courses ; whilst the Comet wandereth through the astral light, yet again returneth in the orbit of his destiny ; whilst the nebulous æther floweth, and the fixed Stars glow in the firmament : behold, how awful their splendor !

yet do they not diminish. Lo, how swift their motions ! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Who but thy God, O man ! could have formed them ? What but infinite wisdom could have appointeth them their laws ?

Look down upon the Earth and see her productions ; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain ! Hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole ?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up ? Who watereth vegetation in due season ? Behold ! the ox croppeth it ; the horse and the sheep feed upon it. Who is he that provideth it for them ?

Who giveth increase to the grain that thou sowest ? Who returneth it to thee a thousand-fold ?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time ? and the grape, though thou knowest not the cause thereof ?

Can the meanest insect create itself ? Shouldest thou be aught less than God, couldest thou have fashioned a fly ?

The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not thereat ; they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end. Each creature performeth its part in succession ; nor is there one species lost in a thousand generations.

Thou that seest the whole to be as admirable as its parts, canst thou better employ thine eye, than in tracing thy Creator's handywork in them ? Canst thou more nobly exercise thy mind, than in examining their wonders ?

Power and wisdom are displayed in their formation ; justice and mercy shine forth in the provision that is made for them. All are happy in their several ways ; nor envieth one the other.

What is the study of languages compared with this? In what branch of learning is there real knowledge, but in the school of nature?

When thou hast adored the fabric, inquire into its utility ; for know, the earth produceth nothing but what may be good to thee. Are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy diseases, all derived from this source alone?

Who is wise, then, but he that knoweth the course of nature? Who hath understanding, but he that comprehendeth his own being? For the rest, whatever science hath most utility ; whatever knowledge hath least vanity : prefer these before others, and profit of them for the sake of thy neighbor.

To live, and to die ; to command, and to obey ; to do, and to suffer : are not these all else that thou hast to care about? Morality shall teach the true *Œconomy of Life* ; Ethics shall set before thee all thy duties, O thou that aspirest to spiritual science ! thou that wouldest know Theosophy !

Behold ! these principles are written in thine heart ; thou needest only to be reminded of them. They are easy of conception ; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain ; all other knowledge is boast.

Lo ! the rest is not necessarily beneficial to man ; for it doth not make him more good, or more true, or more wise.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow-creatures : are these not thy first and greatest duties ? What shall teach thee piety, like the study of God's works ? What shall instruct thee in benevolence, like understanding thine own dependence ?

SECTION 47. — PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

LET not Prosperity elate thine heart above measure ; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because Fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable ; therefore build not thy confidence upon them. Her frowns endure not forever ; therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well, is difficult ; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.

Good and evil are the tests whereby thou art to know thy constancy ; nor is there aught else that so trieth the powers of thine own soul : Be therefore upon the watch, when these trials are upon thee.

Behold Prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee ! How insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigor !

Though thou hast been constant in ill fortune ; though thou

hast been invincible in distress : yet by her art thou conquered, unknowing that thy strength returneth not again, and that thou mayest yet need to be strong.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity ; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

In adversity is the seed of well-doing ; it is the nurse of heroism and endurance. Who that hath enough, will endanger himself to have more ? Who that is at ease, will set his life on the hazard ?

True virtue will act promptly under all circumstances ; but most effectually, when accidents occur.

In adversity, man seeth himself abandoned by others ; he findeth that all his forces are centred within himself : he rouseth his soul, he encountereth his difficulties ; they yield before him, and his hopes are realized.

In prosperity, he fancieth himself safe ; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table. He groweth careless and remiss ; he seeth not the danger that is before him. He trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress ; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and so plungeth him into despair.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremities. Moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thine whole life ; be content in all its changes. So shalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences ; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise man maketh all things the means of advantage ; with the same countenance beholdeth he all the faces of fortune. He governeth the good ; he conquereth the evil ; he is unmoved in all things.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity. Court not dangers, nor meanly fly before them. Dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity clip the wings of hope ; neither let prosperity blind the eye of prudence. He that despaireth of the end, shall never attain thereunto ; he that seeth not the pit shall perish therein.

He that calleth Prosperity his chiefest good ; he that hath said unto her, With thee will I establish my happiness : Lo ! he buildeth his foundation on the sand, which rains and storms will wash away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth on the rivers ; as it tarrieth not in any place : even so Fortune visiteth the sons of men.

Her motion is incessant ; she will not stay. She is as unstable as the wind : how then wilt thou hold her ?

When she kisseth thee, thou art blessed ; but behold ! as thou turnest to thank her, she is gone unto another.

SECTION 48. — PAIN AND SICKNESS.

THE sickness of the body affecteth even the soul ; the one cannot be in health without the other.

Of all ills, pain is most felt ; and that wherefor Nature hath fewest remedies. When thy constancy faileth thee, call on thy reason ; when thy patience quitteth thee, call on thine hope.

To suffer is a necessity entailed upon thy nature ; wouldest thou that miracles should protect thee from it ? Or shalt thou repine, because it happeneth unto thee ? when lo ! it happeneth unto all.

It is unreasonable to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto ; submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldest thou say to the seasons, Pass not on, lest I grow old ? Is it not better to endure well what thou canst not avoid ?

Pain that lasteth long, is moderate ; blush therefore to complain of it. Pain that is violent, is short ; behold ! thou seest the end thereof.

Thy body was created to subserve thy soul ; whilst thou afflict-est the soul for bodily pains, behold ! thou settest a servant above his master.

As the wise fretteth not himself, because a thorn teareth his garment : so the patient grieveth not his soul, because the covering thereof is injured.

SECTION 49. — DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymist : so is Death the test of life, the assay that showeth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldest thou judge of a life, examine the period thereof. The end crowneth the work ; and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, that knoweth to die well ; neither hath he lost all his time, that employeth the last portion thereof to his honor.

He was not born in vain, that dieth as he ought ; neither hath he lived unprofitably, that dieth happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is content whilst he liveth. He that striveth to forget this, hath no pleasure in any thing ; his joy appeareth to him a jewel, that he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldest thou learn to die nobly? Let thy vices die before thee! Happy is he that endeth the business of his life before his death; that, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; that wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer any use for time.

Avoid not death, for this is a weakness; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is. All that thou certainly knowest is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; the life that is best employed, doeth the man the most honor. And he himself shall rejoice in the advantage of it, after death.







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